

**hard and heavy, dirty and mean by callunavulgari,  
hiza-chan (callunavulgari)**

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Locker Room, M/M, Plot What Plot/Porn Without Plot,  
Rough Sex, Semi-Public Sex, Shower Sex, Unhealthy Relationships

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

**Relationships:** Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2017-11-01

**Updated:** 2017-11-01

**Packaged:** 2022-04-02 01:53:53

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 2,846

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

“Remember,” he whispers in Steve’s ear, his breath hot. “You *wanted* this.”

## hard and heavy, dirty and mean

### Author's Note:

For the record, I am in no way advocating a sloppy no-good-bad-dirty-wrong fuck with your local hick racist in a bathroom stall. That said, I really needed to write this. Title is from a Metallica song, because why the fuck not.

There's a steady dripping coming from somewhere in the vicinity of the showers, the sound loud in the quiet of the locker room. A muffled shout sounds from outside as the last of the students head off to their buses, a skidding of sneakered feet over waxed floors punctuated by one final slam as the gym door closes behind them.

The final bell sounded ten minutes ago. Soon enough, it'll be time for after-school practices. The basketball kids will start spilling through the doors again, laughing, chucking their backpacks and walkmans down, and pulling on their gear. It won't be quiet for long.

With a sigh, Steve pushes himself off the bench, clenching his jaw at the dull throb of pain from his body.

Quiet enough for now.

He hisses as he steps under the spray, the water too hot and stinging the cuts that still linger on his face, the backs of his hands. Gently, he tips his head forward, rolls his neck as the hot water soaks his hair, leaving it sad and limp, dripping in his eyes. He stays there for some time, leaning up against the cubicle wall and letting the warmth of the water soothe his aching muscles.

He's so tired.

A door opens and shuts somewhere nearby, and Steve blinks his eyes open, squinting through the water dripping from his bangs. Nobody steps out of the shadows, no monsters lurk along the wall. His hands itch for a weapon anyway.

"Didn't think I bruised you up that badly, Harrington," a voice calls from behind him. Steve swallows and doesn't say anything, doesn't turn around and acknowledge the asshole that was lurking in the shadows. He reaches for the shampoo instead, lathering his hands up and scrubbing them through his hair.

His skin prickles with awareness, knows that Billy's eyes are on him. Steve recognizes the sense of being hunted, his pulse jumping in his throat as footsteps ring out in the quiet room. Billy Hargrove isn't a monster, not the way that the creatures that have hunted Steve in the past were monsters, but he sets Steve's blood racing anyway, something about him distinctly predatory.

When Billy speaks again, his voice is much closer. *Too* close, having rounded the benches to close in from Steve's other side.

"Don't remember touching you here," he says, something sly in his voice. Unbidden, a hand reaches out to touch the bruise running down the length of Steve's side, where he'd hit the surface of the car a little too hard in his haste to get out of the way of those monsters, those stupid *dogs*. The touch is startling, unexpected, and Steve jerks away, gritting his teeth, refusing to open his eyes.

Steve swallows hard and starts to rinse the shampoo from his hair. "Wasn't you."

Billy hums in the back of his throat, the sound right in Steve's ear. He can feel the heat of him, his body too close, right there under the spray with him.

"Who else has been touching you like that, Harrington?" Billy whispers, his lips catching on the curve of Steve's ear. He licks his lips, tongue flicking out like a snake, like he's tasting Steve. Like he wants to eat him. "Was it your daddy?"

Steve's heart is pounding, adrenaline singing in his veins. He's let this go on too long, has all but given Billy the advantage here - Steve's let himself be backed up against the shower, the handle digging into his lower back.

With a sigh, Steve finally opens his eyes and looks at him.

Billy is standing too close, fully clothed and soaked to the bone, his own hair damp from the spray. The only thing he seems to have thought to take off is his jean jacket, which has been flung thoughtlessly at the benches behind them. His shirt is near translucent against his chest. When he sees Steve looking, he grins, touching the purpling bruise that hasn't quite faded from Steve's lower lip.

"Now this one I remember giving you," he remarks, pressing in closer, until his head is under the spray too, tilted towards Steve.

Steve's breath hitches and he tries to backpedal, going up on his tiptoes when he finds that there's no more ground to give. The handle digs painfully into his lower back, but he can't be bothered to care. He gasps as the hand cups his jaw, Billy's fingers lingering over another bruise before they begin to skitter down the column of his throat.

Billy grins at him and leans down, pressing a strangely gentle kiss to a fist-shaped bruise at the base of his throat.

"You wear them well," he whispers, lips slick against Steve's skin.

"Get off of me," Steve tells him in a quiet, thready voice.

"What's that?" Billy blinks innocently, pressing another kiss to Steve's chest, this one just above his breastbone. His fingers have drifted again, ticklish against Steve's sides as they slide ever downward, until he has both hands firmly grasping Steve's hips. His fingers press in hard, bruising, and Steve hisses.

"I said get off," Steve says, louder this time. He struggles, halfhearted at best, and only succeeds at making his problem even worse when Billy's fingers dig in harder, holding him still against the steel column at his back. His mouth is pressed to the thin skin of Steve's throat.

"I don't think you want me to get off," Billy whispers softly, like a secret. One hand skates whisper-soft over the curve of Steve's belly, sliding lower, until he's got hand wrapped tight around Steve's cock.

Steve makes a noise, low and urgent, his dick jumping in Billy's hand

as he pumps him once, twice, mouthing sloppily at the curve of his neck. Steve's head tips back of its own accord, letting Billy in closer, his hands unclenching at his sides and drifting upwards, until they come to rest at the nape of Billy's neck.

Billy laughs and sucks a bruise into his skin.

"See?" he purrs, letting go of Steve's hip and flicking the tab on his jeans open. He works himself free, lets Steve see the hard, red length of him as he takes both of their dicks in hand. Steve makes another noise, louder, and Billy calmly wraps a hand around his mouth. His eyes are full of smug superiority as he strokes them together, his lip caught between his teeth.

"You don't want me to get off at all," he tells Steve, tipping their heads together so that his shallow pants come against Steve's mouth. Steve watches their dicks slide wetly together for a moment before he refocuses, eyes sliding upwards to find Billy already watching him. Billy smirks. "You just want me to get *you* off."

"Asshole," Steve pants, and leans in to bite at the tempting curve of Billy's mouth.

Billy fists a hand in his hair and jerks his head back, smiling when Steve hisses. "Pretty boy."

Steve's blood is singing in his veins, the hot water pounding between them and he doesn't know what this is. Billy is the biggest tool that he's ever met, but like this, cocky, dripping wet, with Steve's cock in his fist, he's beginning to see the appeal.

"I want to fuck your mouth," Steve tells him in a strained voice, his back arching when Billy lets go of their cocks and steps smoothly into the inviting spread of Steve's thighs. He clutches Steve's hair and rolls their hips together, a desperate edge to it.

"Do you?" There's a gleam of interest in Billy's eyes, calculated. Steve hitches against him breathlessly, his fingers scrabbling for purchase on slippery skin before they come to fist in the soaking wet fabric of his shirt. "What if I want to fuck you? Would you let me? Do you even know *how*?"

Steve's eyes dart to the door, then back. He isn't going to say no, that he doesn't know, because he does. Tommy used to talk about it, used to sneer at people like Jonathan Byers, his voice dripping with disgust as he used words like *queer* and *ass-fucker* and *fairy*. But just because Steve knows the end result doesn't mean he understands the mechanics behind it. Billy gets a hand around him again and squeezes hard, prompting.

"Don't have time," Steve gasps, and doesn't think about what he's giving up by not immediately denying his interest. An image comes to mind of him on his hands and knees, spread out across the dirty bathroom tiles, Billy moving over him, *in him*. Steve's dick jumps and he's forced to admit that the thought isn't as disgusting as it should be.

"Sure we do," Billy says, hitching Steve's leg up around his thigh. His hand dips down, back behind Steve's balls, presses in-

"Ah," Steve cries out, his entire body bowing as the sound is torn out of him. He shakes as Billy works his finger inside of him carefully, feels the slow burning drag of it. He feels like he's going to come apart, like he's going to explode into a million pieces, too full off of a single finger that's not even buried to the knuckle.

Billy laughs darkly and drags the finger out of him with a torturous, teasing slowness. He pauses to wash it under the spray, leaving Steve there, slumped like a ragdoll against the shower. When he's finished, he smirks and reaches for Steve's hips again, tugging him out of the water and towards the bathroom stalls lining the back wall. As he goes Billy flings the shirt off of him to smack loudly against the floor, and after removing something from his pants, kicks them off as well.

Once they're in the stall, Steve begins to feel the chill of the air around him, goosebumps appearing on his skin as he shivers. The stall smells overwhelmingly of piss.

"What are you-" he starts to ask, and then Billy is there, pressing him firmly into the cold metal of the stall door.

"Mmm," Billy hums, trailing a hand down his chest, eyes following after it. "Yeah, god, I knew you'd look good like this. Turn around."

He doesn't give Steve time to, hooking a hand around Steve's waist and spinning him around, until Steve has his elbows braced against the door, nose and brow pressed to the cold metal. A jolt of fear goes through him, his first, as something crinkles behind him.

He turns to look but Billy gets a firm hand between his shoulderblades, palm pressed down tight, fingers splayed out along the nape of his neck.

"Calm down, Harrington, it's just lube," he says, and then his fingers are pressing inside of Steve again, wetly this time. Steve makes a noise, loud and embarrassing, as the first finger slides in smoothly, swallowed past the knuckles easily. He squirms, panting shallowly, his breath fogging the silver metal of the door.

Billy groans and Steve can hear him jerking himself, can feel the heat of his cock pressed tight against his ass cheek as Billy begins to work the second finger in.

"God," he's saying, "Look at you. I knew you'd be great at this, but that hole of yours is sucking me right in, so greedy. You want my cock inside you? Want me fucking you good, the way that little girlfriend of yours never could. God-" he breaks off, sliding the third finger in now, and Steve gasps and squirms. "My dick is going to ruin you. It's an itch you'll never be able to scratch, not fucking any girl. No, you'll need to come to me to scratch it, to get *fucked*."

Steve swallows hard, presses back against the fingers, his mouth open and panting. Says, because he can't even think right now, not with Billy so close, his dick right there and still not *in him*, "Please."

Billy laughs loudly, the sound punched out of him, heavy, near-crazed with the heat of exhilaration. His fingers pull free and he fumbles something - condom, the part of Steve's brain that isn't heat and wet and friction points out - and then he's there, the head of his cock nudging up against Steve's hole, catching on the rim.

"Remember," he whispers in Steve's ear, his breath hot. "You *wanted* this."

And then he pushes forward, a smooth slide all the way in, until he's

buried inside of Steve to the root. Steve gasps, his entire body quivering, and he thinks that he would have wailed if Billy hadn't reached up and clenched his hand firmly around Steve's mouth.

"Knew you'd be loud, too," he says, half-mocking as he moves in short, careful jerks, testing - no, *teasing* him. Steve whines, the noise of it muffled into Billy's hand, but can't even begin to care about it, not when his entire body is caught up in this sensation, this feeling of being too full, *impossibly* full, the thick length of someone else inside him.

Steve bites at his fingers, hard enough that Billy lets go, and for a moment Steve reels, dizzyingly, for what he'd wanted to say. Ah.

"Just fuck me, Hargrove," he pants, twisting his hips back against Billy's cock. His vision gets wavery, but he does it again, pulling himself up almost all the way off the tip of Billy's cock before he sinks back down, bottoming out.

Billy laughs again, this one more than half-crazed, and does.

It's hard, and fast, and fucking brutal, Steve's teeth digging into his lower lip as he fights to keep himself quiet. He hears the slap of flesh in the quiet room, wet and obscene, and knows that Billy was right.

He's *ruined* him.

There will be no going back to fucking girls after this, not if Steve wants true satisfaction. Because this - this fucking *asshole* fucking him silly in a filthy bathroom stall is the best that he's ever had. Better than even the *best* sex that he and Nancy ever had, the most loving, tender, with their heads nudged together, bodies so close that it felt like he *was* her for a little while, and she was him.

Steve knows that he'll come back to Billy for this. That he'll beg if he has to.

The stall door rattles under his hands, and it feels like the entire room is moving with them, shaking with them, his cock so hard that it's leaking pre-come to the floor between his spread thighs. Billy fucks into him faster, harder - that calm, cock-sure asshole replaced



with some panting, wild-eyed beast.

He jerks up and into him sharply once, twice, and then he's gasping against the back of Steve's neck, just as the room fills with voices.

They freeze, Billy still shaking with aftershocks, cock softening inside of him, and Steve-

Steve doesn't care. Maybe Billy isn't the only panting, wild-eyed beast because he can hear his classmates, people he *knows*, and slides off of Billy's cock, turns around, and pushes him backwards until he goes sprawling down onto the toilet. Steve looks at him, a hard, animal part of him pleased at the glassy-eyed look in Billy's eyes, the sweaty red face, his hair still damp and curling all wrong from the shower. There's a lock of it caught on the corner of his mouth and Steve smiles sweetly, reaching out to brush it back behind Billy's ear.

Billy's eyes widen, realization setting in as Steve steps in close to him and takes his dripping cock in hand, smearing the head of it along the seam of Billy's mouth. His lips part, eyes darkening as he lets Steve slide his dick between them, his tongue curling against the underside of Steve's cock. He looks like he's going to make a noise around it, so Steve catches his chin in hand and guides his head up until he's sure that Billy is looking at him. He places a finger against his lips, shushing him with just the look in his eyes and the cock down his throat.

Steve thinks that someone might have found Billy's jacket, can hear laughter as the team gets ready for practice, but can't be bothered to care what they do with it. Doesn't even give two shits if they find his own clothes, still tucked neatly on the bench next to his locker. Let them steal it, let them hear. He doesn't *care*.

He fucks Billy's mouth slowly, quiet and methodical, until his mouth is red and sloppy with spit. Until his eyes are damp with tears and he's swallowing heavily with every thrust.

It takes awhile for the locker room to go quiet, but when it does Steve smirks down at Billy and reaches out to cup his chin again.

"You did good," he praises, tracing the rim Billy's mouth, still sealed

tight around his cock.

Billy pulls off with a wet pop, gasping, *sneering*, and says in a horrible, wrecked voice, “Fuck you, Harrington.”

Steve laughs, guides his dick back into Billy’s mouth, and says, sweetly, “You already did.”

### **Author's Note:**

For those interested, my [main blog](#) and my [writing blog](#). :)